

By Mr. NELSON: Petitions of sundry citizens and organizations of Lafayette County, Wis., favoring national prohibition; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

By Mr. REED: Petition of 370 people of the Congregational and Free Baptist Churches of Candia; the congregation of the Baptist Church of Gilford; Junior Grange, No. 150, of the Patrons of Husbandry, of Grasmere; Herbert C. Whitney and 11 others of Penacook, all of New Hampshire; also the Pittsburgh Board of Trade, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Apache, Okla., favoring national prohibition of the liquor traffic; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Also, petitions of F. P. Symonds, of Chatham; Irville T. Proctor, of Alton; Frank Smith, of Alton; Mrs. E. H. Pearson, of Epping; Charles E. Davis, of Alton; 500 people of the Congregational and Free Baptist Churches of Milton; 300 people of the People's Methodist Episcopal Church, of Exeter; 350 people of the First Congregational Church, of Bartlett; 200 people of the Congregational Church of Hooksett; 70 people of the Congregational Church of Lee; 294 people of the congregation of Bethany Methodist Episcopal Church, of Rochester; 125 people of the congregation of Bethel Methodist Episcopal Church, of Rochester; 30 people of the Free Baptist Church, of Loudon; 250 people of the Federated Churches of Meredith; and the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Church of Nashua, all of New Hampshire, favoring national prohibition of the liquor traffic; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

By Mr. SCULLY: Petition of William J. Moody, of Newark, N. J., favoring passage of the Bartlett-Bacon bill (H. R. 18731); to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Also, petition of sundry citizens of Matawan, Old Bridge, and Perth Amboy, all in the State of New Jersey, favoring national prohibition; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

By Mr. SMITH of New York: Memorial of the Employers Association of Buffalo, N. Y., opposing antitrust legislation; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Also, petition of sundry voters of the forty-first congressional district of New York, protesting against national prohibition; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Also, petition of the Central Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of Erie County, N. Y., favoring national prohibition; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

By Mr. STEENERSON: Petitions of 110 citizens of Warren, Minn., favoring national prohibition; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Also, petition signed by E. J. Olson and 75 others, all citizens of the State of Minnesota, purchasers of land under the act of Congress approved February 20, 1904, in favor of House bill 12290, for the relief of said purchasers; to the Committee on the Public Lands.

By Mr. STEVENS of Minnesota: Petition of the St. Paul (Minn.) Pressmen's Union, protesting against increase of rate on second-class mail matter; to the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads.

Also, memorial of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Reformation, of St. Paul, Minn., favoring national prohibition; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

By Mr. SUTHERLAND: Petition of the Farmers Sunday School, of Farmers, W. Va., favoring national prohibition; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Also, petition of sundry citizens of West Virginia, favoring national prohibition; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

By Mr. TAVENNER: Petition of J. Ramser, of Rock Island, Ill., favoring passage of the Stevens bill, relative to setting of prices on goods to be sold; to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

By Mr. TAYLOR of Colorado: Petitions of 700 citizens of Pueblo and the Sunday School Convention of Pueblo County, 37 citizens of Palisade, 40 citizens of Denver, and 115 citizens of Steamboat Springs, all in the State of Colorado, favoring national prohibition; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

By Mr. TEN EYCK (by request): Petition of various members of the Allen Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of Albany, N. Y., in favor of the Hobson-Sheppard-Works bill for national prohibition; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Also (by request), petition of Charles H. Smith, M. D., and other voters of the city of Albany, N. Y., in favor of Hobson-Sheppard-Works bill for national prohibition; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

By Mr. WALLIN: Memorial of the Trades Assembly of Schenectady, N. Y., favoring Government supervision of labor conditions in certain sections of Colorado; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

By Mr. WILLIS: Petition of Gem City Council, No. 3, United Commercial Travelers of America, of Dayton, Ohio, in favor of the enactment of a law to create a coast guard by combining

the existing Life-Saving Service with the Revenue-Cutter Service; to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

Also, petition of the Ladies' Guild, the Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Society, the Council, and the Luther League, all of the First Lutheran Church of Gallon, Ohio, in favor of the adoption of House joint resolution No. 168, relative to national prohibition; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

SUNDAY, May 3, 1914.

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Our Father in heaven, whose heart is ever open to the prayers of Thy children and always in sympathy with those who need the touch of Thy spirit, let Thy blessing descend upon us as we gather here to-day in memory of a departed Member, whose life and conduct challenged the respect and admiration of all who knew him. Strong of mind, warm of heart, pure of motive, he lived well, wrought well, and left behind him a clean record. His going has left a void in the hearts of all who knew him; his earthly mission fulfilled, Thou didst call him to a larger service in the great beyond. May we hold him sacred to our memory and strive to emulate his virtues. Be Thou solace to the bereaved family, and inspire them with the hope he cherished in the immortality of the soul. So may we all trust in the infinite love of a heavenly Father revealed in the heart of the Christ, the world's great exemplar.

If I find Him, if I follow, what His guerdon here?
Many a sorrow, many a labor, many a tear.
If I still hold closely to Him, what hath He at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan past.
If I ask Him to receive me, will He say me nay?
Not till earth and not till heaven pass away.

Amen.

Mr. KIRKPATRICK. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the reading of the Journal be dispensed with.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Iowa asks unanimous consent to dispense with the reading of the Journal. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

Mr. KIRKPATRICK. I ask further that all those members who do not participate in the services here today, and who desire to do so, may have five legislative days in which to extend their remarks.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Iowa asks unanimous consent that those gentlemen who do not participate in the services to-day and who so desire may have five legislative days in which to print remarks. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE PEPPER.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the order for to-day's services.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. KIRKPATRICK, by unanimous consent, *Ordered*, That Sunday, May 3, 1914, be set apart for addresses upon the life, character, and public services of Hon. IRVIN S. PEPPER, late a Representative from the State of Iowa.

Mr. KIRKPATRICK took the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

Mr. VOLLMER. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 501.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tribute to the memory of Hon. IRVIN S. PEPPER, late a Member of this House from the State of Iowa.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That at the conclusion of to-day's proceedings, the House, as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his distinguished public career, do stand adjourned.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Mr. VOLLMER. Mr. Speaker, "Can this be the village of Falling Water?" Methinks I see again, "in my mind's eye, Horatio," the shambling unkempt figure, with its tattered clothes and straggling gray hair, with its quavering accents and bewildered air, created out of the formless mist of folklore by the genius of Washington Irving and visualized and immortalized by that of Joseph Jefferson. "Does no one here know Rip Van Winkle?" is followed by that other inquiry surcharged with pathos: "Are we, then, so soon forgot?" The allusion is not original with me, but the application flashed through my

mind recently while I was taking my oath of office in the House, for I had been in the employ of the House of Representatives of the Fiftieth Congress 26 years ago, and when I turned and faced the present membership of the House there was only one face on this floor that I recalled as belonging to a Member of the Fiftieth Congress—that of the venerable gentleman from New York—the Hon. SERENO E. PAYNE. I have not looked it up—there may be others—but he is the only one that I recall. In that Congress were such Titans as Speaker Carlisle, Thomas B. Reed of Maine, William McKinley of Ohio, Sam Randall of Pennsylvania, Sunset Cox of New York, and others whom we readily recall at this day.

But how about the three hundred and odd other gentlemen of that body—most of them loyal, able, patriotic, whole-souled men of high ideals who rendered great and distinguished service to the Commonwealth? Who can recall more than half a dozen of them after a scant 25 years have rolled by into the ocean of eternity? "Are we, then, so soon forgot?"

In honoring its departed Members, Congress honors itself. The faithful observance of memorial ceremonies speaks volumes for the manliness of the men of whom the House is composed; men who have good rich, red blood, not ice water, in their veins, and who are capable of virile friendships and maintain an exalted standard of human dignity. And I have felt this more keenly than otherwise because, as the successor of the universally beloved IRVIN S. PEPPER, it has been enforced upon me in the words that almost invariably followed immediately upon introductions to his former colleagues: "You follow a good man, sir!" That he should have gained so wide a circle of friends here is not a matter of passing wonder to those of us who knew him well, because his was an open, lovable nature, a stainless character, and the sunny disposition of a great big unspoiled boy. His conscience was free from haunting shadows, and his trust in humanity was unshaken and undisturbed.

IRVIN S. CLARE PEPPER was born June 10, 1876, and he was reared on an Iowa farm. He received the benefits of the splendid public-school system of that State and graduated from its Normal School in 1897. Successively he became principal of the Atalissa High School and of the Washington School at Muscatine; private secretary to Congressman Martin J. Wade from 1903 to 1905; graduated from George Washington University in law; president of his class in 1905; elected county attorney of Muscatine County in 1906, and reelected to said position in 1908. He was elected to Congress in 1910 and reelected in 1912. He was taken to the hospital on November 21, 1913, and died December 22 of that year, even when the senatorial toga of the State of Iowa seemed about to fall upon his shoulders. He sleeps to-day in the "windowless palace of rest" in the soil of the prairie State which gave him birth.

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life.

Who would have thought that in the sunniest hour of all the voyage, when friendly winds were kissing every sail, that the inevitable shipwreck was at hand? Never was I so awed with the thought of the certainty and the eternal tragedy of death as at the news of the untimely taking of my friend and yours—"Good old Pop."

If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all.

Mr. PEPPER was ready, for he had lived in accordance with the injunction conveyed in the immortal words of William Cullen Bryant in *Thanatopsis*:

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Mr. PEPPER was no great orator, but he was a clear, convincing speaker. His deeds spoke for him, and they speak an eloquent language to-day. Few Members of Congress have accomplished more in actual results in many years of service than did this comparatively young man and relatively new Member.

There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond
And do a willful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say: "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"

Mr. PEPPER was not one of these, for he was unassuming to a degree, as modest as a girl, and this was true modesty, and not the pride that apes humility.

What may not the future have held in store for this promising young man in the way of public service? No man can tell. It has been said that life is but a narrow vale between the cold and barren mountain peaks of two eternities, from whose hard, unyielding walls comes back to us only the echo of our ineffectual cries, but no answer intelligent to our reason as to the great unsolved riddle of human existence, of life and of death, of this world and the beyond. Faith upturns her shining face in trust and joyous confidence, but the finite intellect acknowledges its failure to bridge the unknown, to comprehend the unknowable, to tear the veil from the future.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

However, it is a thought which should be ever present with every Member of this historic body that we do know that we have it in our power to do something to make this present life a little better, a little more filled with comfort and justice and happiness to the great masses who are now sojourning here and to the untold multitudes who will come after us.

About Ben Adhem, who would not write down his name as one who loved the Lord, but as one who loved his fellow men, found, when the angel returned with the list of those who in the eyes of God loved him truly, that his name led all the rest.

And now a few observations of a political nature, but not in a spirit of partisanship. Mr. PEPPER was an Iowa Democrat. Under the political conditions prevailing in that State for many years after the Civil War this required some moral courage, disinterestedness of purpose, and certainly a large portion of buoyant and indestructible hope. It meant that one would have to meet much ridicule, some contempt, and, in the good old days, positive social as well as political ostracism. For you must understand that in those days the Republican Party was a civic institution there of almost equally universal acceptance as the church and the school. To make Democracy respectable in Iowa involved quite as desperate and long-continued a fight as the historic contest of Gov. Russell and his devoted little band in the Old Bay State.

Our Republican fellow citizens in Iowa have not been without honor either at home or abroad. Their party has justly recognized their claims, and they have contributed a galaxy of statesmen who have adorned their country's posts of honor at home and abroad; and that can justly be said also of their present delegation. But the voice of Iowa Democracy has not often been heard or its representatives seen in the councils of the Nation. Without recognition from the powers that be in our own party, we struggled on against overwhelming odds. We met our Republican opponents in every schoolhouse, at every crossroads in the State. We pounded into unwilling ears the more obvious truths of economic science as we saw them, and even when it seemed as though we were down and out for good came our reward. At a time when the sun of victory shone high in the Republican heavens and no political barometer told of the coming of a storm, a cloud no larger than a man's hand appeared on the horizon and in it were concealed the lightnings of popular wrath and out of it came the deluge of 1912. It was called the "Iowa idea," and its genesis can be traced to those little crossroads meetings in that State where Democratic doctrine was made to percolate, and there began the ferment which never ceased until the Republican Party was rent in twain, the Progressive Party was born, and a new political alignment took place from ocean to ocean.

I am not mentioning this in the spirit of partisanship, which would be out of place on a solemn occasion like this, but in the interests of the truth of history and a belated recognition at the Nation's Capital of the debt due from somebody to that heroic band of Iowa Democrats like Mr. PEPPER, which I believe was one of the efficient causes of the great revolutionary political changes of the recent past.

Mr. PEPPER held advanced economic views, but by reason of his mildness and fairness of statement acquired the reputation with many of being ultra-conservative. He was a single taxer by persuasion and by natural impulse and disposition the devoted friend of the old soldiers and of the tolling masses of the land. There have not been many gentler, sweeter natures among men since the Nazarene walked on the shores of Galilee.

In conclusion, I can not do better in paying tribute to our departed friend than to quote the inspired words of a great Southern orator:

I have seen by night the glowing headlight of a giant locomotive rushing onward in the darkness, heedless of danger and uncertainty, and I have thought the spectacle grand. I have seen the lightning flash across the storm-swept sky till night and darkness and the shadow-haunted earth gleamed with noonday splendor and I have

thought the spectacle grand. I have seen the light come over the eastern hills in glory fill leaf and tree and blade of grass sparkled like myriad diamonds in the morning ray and I have known that it was grand; but the grandest thing, next to the radiance that flows from the Almighty's throne, is the light of a noble and beautiful life shining in benediction upon the destinies of men and finding its home at last in the bosom of the everlasting God.

I append the following resolutions passed by the Democrats of Clinton County, Iowa:

Whereas, the Great Ruler of the Universe has taken from this district our congressman, the Hon. IRVING S. PEPPER, thereby depriving the district of a representative whose heart always beat loyally toward the people, and whose every act, thought, and wish were for the advancement of the people he represented.

Cut down in the prime of his young manhood, when life's advantages were just unfolding, when opportunities were presenting themselves for further advancement, the district has suffered an irreparable loss.

We who knew IRVING S. PEPPER recognized in him a man of great ability, one who was willing to sacrifice those talents for the benefit of the people of the district he loved so well.

We, the Democrats of Clinton County, in convention assembled, desire to pay a tribute to our deceased congressman; and be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and that a copy be sent to the Clerk of the House of Representatives.

L. E. FAY.
D. H. SHEPARD.
W. H. CARROLL.
J. H. INGWERSEN.
J. E. MORAN.

Mr. CLARK of Missouri. Mr. Speaker, into the Sixty-second Congress from out the Central West came a new Member, young, handsome, capable, affable, industrious, graceful, ambitious. He at once became a prime favorite in the House. He discharged his duties cheerfully and well. His name was IRVIN S. PEPPER, and he hailed from Muscatine, Iowa, on the banks of the Great River. He had one decided advantage over most new Members—the fact that he had for two years been secretary to Hon. Martin J. Wade, an exceedingly able man. That gave Mr. PEPPER a clear insight into the way things are done here, both in Congress and in the departments. It also gave him a wide acquaintance with Representatives, Senators, and departmental officials. His service with Judge Wade was of great value to him.

As Missouri and Iowa lie side by side, and as he was the only Iowa Representative of my political faith, and as I was anxious for him to make such headway as to insure his reelection, I sought him out, cultivated his acquaintance, and did all that I could to promote his success. He needed help as little as any new Member I have seen here. He possessed a most generous heart and he repaid my efforts to aid him in Scripture measure, heaped up, pressed down, and running over. He was true as steel, faithful as the needle to the pole, constant as the North Star. I never had a closer or a better friend.

Iowa is an imperial Commonwealth and from her entrance into the Union has been as ably represented in the House, the Senate, the Cabinet, and the Diplomatic and Consular Service as any of her sister States. She is one of the two States on the sunset side of the Mississippi to furnish a Speaker of this House. She seems to have discovered at an early date the wisdom of retaining able and faithful men in Congress. Consequently she has always been prominent in Washington. At one time she counted among her citizens the Speaker of the House, two Cabinet ministers, and the Senator longest in service. In fact, Senator William B. Allison not only lived to be the Nestor of the Senate, but he, of all men, had the longest senatorial service in our history, and he lacked only a few months of having had the longest total service in House and Senate, being exceeded in that regard only by Senator Justin Smith Morrill, of Vermont.

Hon. James Wilson, after long service in the House, held a Cabinet position for 16 years, the longest period ever served by any member of the Cabinet, William Wirt and Albert Gallatin coming next, with 12 years each.

With his early start in Congress and his splendid adaptability for the public service, I have no doubt that, had his life been spared, Mr. PEPPER would have ranked with the best of them. A multitude of people believe that he would have been elected to the Senate this fall; but just when his prospects seemed brightest, just when his hopes were highest, he was cut off untimely—a great loss to his State and to his country.

None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Mr. MANN. Mr. PEPPER, the Speaker, who has just addressed the House, and myself, all belonged to the same college Greek-letter fraternity. There were in the last Congress, and there are in this, quite a number of members of that same fraternity. I do not know that I can call the names of very many of them at this moment, but there are frequent meetings

in Washington of the local chapter, and I believe there is an alumni chapter here; and about the time that Mr. PEPPER came into the House I was informed, either by himself or by some of the other Members, that he was what we call a Delta Tau Delta. In fact, I think those Members of the House who paid any attention to the meetings of that society here very soon learned to rely upon Mr. PEPPER for advice and direction as to whether we should attend a meeting, or make a speech at a meeting, or anything of that sort.

Like every old Member, I take a considerable interest in every new Member who comes into the House, but when you have added to that the college association, the spirit that comes from the college fraternity, you have a very large interest. So that almost immediately, when Mr. PEPPER came to the House, he and I became very warm friends. I think, probably, there is no spirit of friendship closer than that which comes out of the fraternal organization, and I doubt whether there is any fraternal organization that draws the spirits of men closer together than the college fraternity. I soon became a very warm admirer of Mr. PEPPER in the House and elsewhere, and he used frequently to do me the honor to come to me and consult with me about matters in the House in which he was interested. I think all of us learned to love him, because he had a peculiarly lovable spirit and character. He was absolutely reliable; anyone could see that he was thoroughly honest, as most of the Members of this House are without question; but he also had a desire to accomplish things, and was able to succeed.

The Speaker has referred to the fact that a man's value as a Member of Congress increases, at least somewhat, with length of service, and yet it is true that a new Member of the House, in his first term, devoting himself to those things in which he may be particularly interested or in which his district may be particularly interested, can often accomplish what some of the older Members, largely for lack of time, are unable to do.

It is true that new Members coming into the House sometimes think they are neglected by the older Members, principally because they do not have so much to do as the older Members; and the older Members, or some of them, are so busily engaged that they do not have the time, or do not take the time, to show their interest in the younger Members; but I think there is no body of men in the world, possibly outside of a fighting army, where, when a man drops out who may have been beloved by his fellow Members and is succeeded by a new Member, the new Member is so truly received without any feeling against him, and with the desire of other Members to be his friends, as in this House. We let go with our best wishes those who fall, and we take in with our best wishes the new ones who come; and we never took in any new Member of the House who more quickly reached into the hearts and souls of the other Members than did our late colleague, Mr. PEPPER.

Mr. GOOD. Mr. Speaker, we are met to-day to pay our tribute of love and respect to the memory of IRVIN S. PEPPER. On occasions such as this we realize how inadequately our lips convey the feelings of our hearts.

Death is always mysterious. We take a pardonable pride in the great achievements we have made in all of the arts and sciences. We stand appalled when we survey what the ingenuity of man has wrought. As we review the great achievements of mankind we wonder if, after all, there is any mystery which the human mind can not solve. And yet before this proud record of human achievement that has touched every life, mankind must bow in sorrow and defeat in the presence of death. Before the open grave we must acknowledge that death is just as mysterious to-day as it was at the dawn of creation. We do know, however, that the mystery surrounding life and death has not served to lessen our affections in life or to assuage our sorrows in death. The birth of a child fills our heart with gladness; the death of a man plunges us into sorrow. So to-day we mourn the loss of our lamented colleague, IRVIN S. PEPPER, and the poignancy of our grief is increased when we recall that at the time of his death he was less than 38 years old and that he had just entered upon the duties of his second term in Congress.

It was not my privilege to have had an extended acquaintance with Mr. PEPPER, but it was my good fortune to know him somewhat intimately after his election to Congress. He came to Congress splendidly equipped for a brilliant legislative career. He was born and reared on an Iowa farm, received his early education in the country schools of Davis County, and later graduated from the Southern Iowa Normal School at Bloomfield. It was while serving in the capacity of private secretary to a Member of Congress that he completed a course in law and graduated from George Washington University Law School in

1905. He subsequently returned to his native State and engaged in the practice of his profession. At the time of his election to Congress he was serving his second term as prosecuting attorney for Muscatine County.

The rise of this young man from the hard and arduous duties of the farm to school teacher, private secretary to a Member of Congress, prosecuting attorney, and finally to a seat on the floor of this House was not only rapid, but unusual, and was not attained without hard work and great effort.

The hard work and difficult jobs which a farmer boy must do has no exception in the case of young PEPPER, and his early experiences are reflected in his subsequent public career. His work on the farm made him deeply sympathetic for the cause of labor. He took great interest in everything that affected the laboring man. In him the laborers in the Rock Island and other Government arsenals had a friend who had their interests at heart. He was a student of the various systems of shop management, and while in Congress labored diligently for the adoption of every measure calculated to dignify labor and to promote the welfare of the man that toils.

Congressman PEPPER's untimely death cut short what would otherwise have been a useful, if not a brilliant, legislative career. But during the short time he was a Member of this House his many qualities left an impress upon those who had the good fortune to know him which death can not efface. Long after his accomplishments and work as a legislator shall have been forgotten we will remember well his sterling qualities of mind and heart and those manly attributes of character which measured his true worth.

To my mind there were three noble characteristics which predominated in Mr. PEPPER's life. These were industry, integrity, and kindness. To these splendid traits of character, more than to anything else, he owed his remarkable success. After all, are not these the real and substantial elements of true greatness? A man may be brilliant, but if he has not industry he will fail in the end. A man may have natural ability, but if he has not integrity he can not permanently succeed. A man may be brilliant and may possess ability of a high order, yet if his life is not tempered with kindness his success must be temporary. No one can accomplish a great work, achieve a great reform, write a great book, or attain to a high degree of constructive statesmanship unless he be industrious, honest, and kind.

Congressman PEPPER was exceedingly industrious. During the time he was a member of this body he was found at his post early and late in the performance of the arduous duties imposed upon him. I doubt not that to the hard work and close confinement which the duties of his office required more than to anything else was due his untimely death.

Honest and upright himself, he despised dishonesty and hypocrisy in others. He was not only scrupulously honest in all his dealings with others, but he was honest with himself. His honesty made him friends everywhere. His life truly exemplified the precept:

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

I have been strongly impressed with Mr. PEPPER's great kindness. He was always most considerate of others. He would not do an unkind thing to anyone, and seemed to take great pleasure in doing little kindnesses for others. I recall with pleasure the kindness and tenderness with which he cared for the comfort of his aged father, who made him a visit during one of the sessions of Congress. His rugged stature, evidencing great physical strength, stood out in striking contrast with his kindly and tender nature. He was as gentle as a child and as tender as a woman.

I shall long cherish the memory of those many traits of character which were so strongly exemplified in his life.

Mr. SHERWOOD. Mr. Speaker, probably I knew Mr. IRVIN S. PEPPER as well as any Member of the House outside of his State. He came here in the Sixty-second Congress, a valiant son of Iowa, without legislative experience, but full-equipped in knowledge, culture, and mental vigor for a successful career. And it can be said of him that no Member of either the Sixty-second Congress or the Sixty-third ever came into this historic Chamber who in so short a career made a more favorable or enduring impression upon his compatriots. Mr. PEPPER was a capable and earnest student of all live and pending problems. His political career, although short, was rarely exceptional. He was born and reared on a prairie farm in Iowa. As a boy he breathed the untainted air of the woods and fields. Born poor—poor in lucre, but rich in brawn and brain and courage, and full of the never-say-die spirit.

In the last Congress over 40,000 bills were introduced, covering every question, social, economic, or political, in the broad and ever-expanding domain of civics. Never before in all our history has it been so difficult for a new Member to achieve prominence on the floor of the House of Representatives as now. We are a continent-wide Republic, with a membership of 435, on a ratio of 211,877. For the past decade the tendency in Congress has been to regulate and control all the multifarious business of the country and to invade the local functions and legislative authority of the States. Hence, the main work of legislation is done in the more quiet seclusion of committees. Argument and oratory on the floor of Congress is no longer a potent force in legislation. The announcement in the House that there is to be a general debate on any question, however vital or continental in import, is followed by a general exodus of Members to their document and garden-seeds rooms in the House Office Building.

Hence, the opportunities of a new Member to make an enviable record and reputation among his fellows has never in the history of the American Congress been as difficult as now. The first Congress of 1789 was composed of only 65 Members, with a population ratio of only 30,000. A quarter of a century later, the ratio was only 40,000. For the first quarter of a century the Government of the people by the representatives of all the people was regarded as an experiment, the first of its scope and purpose in the world's history. Congress was then the central and leading attraction—the star of hope of a new nation on a new continent. To-day, Congress is regarded as a side issue, except in case of war, or some great conflict that stirs the patriotic blood of the people. The CONGRESSIONAL RECORD is generally unread in the presence of the baseball bulletins and the staged bouts of the nose smashers and rib crackers of the brutal prize ring.

Hence, a new Member who comes into this historic Chamber and commands the attention of his fellows as a debater, as a legislator, as a logician, is *rara avis*, as the old Romans would say of a bird prodigy.

The doings of Congress now and a half century ago are not comparable in general interest.

I first saw the United States Senate in session on the night of February 25, 1859, when the Cuba thirty-millions bill was in debate. William H. Seward, of New York, made an impassioned speech opposing the bill. Robert Toombs, of Georgia, arose and made a furious attack on Seward. Dixon of Connecticut then replied for two hours, opposing the bill. Then Judah P. Benjamin, of Louisiana, arose with a speech full of thunder and threatenings, saying that unless the United States purchased Cuba Spain would emancipate the Cuban negroes, which would ruin all tropical products, as they could only be produced by slave labor. Then arose old Ben Wade, of Ohio, fierce of mien, hot-blooded, and aggressive, and made a vigorous assault on Robert Toombs. They came near a personal collision. Finally, long after midnight, after nine hot hours of continuous debate, the Senate adjourned without action on the Cuban bill. The whole country then gave universal attention to these vital controversies on the floor of Congress. These debates by the old-time statesmen were the foremost topics of the hour in the newspapers, in the public forums, everywhere. How is it now? We seldom see a picture of a Congressman in the newspapers, but the leading journals carry daily (Sunday not excepted) a half-page vignette of some winning baseball pitcher or a full-length picture of a champion bruiser of the prize ring.

In the midst of the environment of some 435 Members, with a large minority of experienced and able gentlemen versed in the subtle legerdemain of modern parliamentary methods, it is a high tribute to our departed friend to say that he won a distinct place not only in the regard of his compatriots on this floor, but the warm friendship of all who recognized his sterling qualities. But for his untimely death Mr. PEPPER would have been the unanimous choice of his party for United States Senator for Iowa, so well had he won the confidence of his State for capability, sagacity, and saving common sense.

I close this modest mention of our departed friend with a stanza by Oliver Wendell Holmes, in a tribute to his dear departed friend, Robert Ware—

A whiter soul, a fairer mind,
A life with purer course and aim,
A gentler eye, a voice more kind,
We may not look on earth to find.
The love that lingers o'er his name
Is more than fame.

Mr. SCOTT. Mr. Speaker, it was not my good fortune to have had either a long or intimate acquaintance with our late colleague, Mr. PEPPER, before my coming into this House a little more than a year ago. We lived at extreme opposite borders of the State, and neither the sphere of his activities nor mine

had served to bring us into any frequent contact. All that I know intimately of Mr. PEPPER's personality I learned after coming here and becoming a Member of this House. Of course, as a citizen of his State I knew him by reputation, by a repute that was most high and enviable from a period even before that which he entered into public life.

But when I came here and met him personally I soon recognized in him a man of superior character, a man of very strong and high ideals personally. He was not a man who made any pretensions to overshadowing genius; he was not a man who unduly pressed himself upon either the acquaintance or friendship of others. At the same time he was always cordial, always evincing a high degree of superiority, with a splendid open disposition which commended him to all as a highly estimable gentleman.

Mr. PEPPER was a character that ought to be observed and studied, not because of extraordinary and overshadowing qualities of outward personality, but because of these qualities of inward character that commend themselves most strongly to us.

Born, as has been said here, in obscurity, poor so far as this world's wealth goes, but one of those characters who accept life as he finds it, takes hold of his own environments with a view of making the most of the opportunities as they are presented to him in life. He was a man who took life's trial as it led from his abode and station. He took the trial with all its obstacles, never seeking to avoid or shun them, but patiently, sincerely, honestly, and determinedly undertaking to move on and over them, steadily on and upward, accomplishing and ever holding that which he had accomplished.

He lived half a lifetime, but in that patient, steady, unassuming way and method, at the end, he stood far and beyond the point at which the average man reaches in the allotted period of three score and ten years.

When we stop to think of it, Mr. Speaker and colleagues, that is a record of accomplishment, an exhibition of personal achievement that ought to challenge the attention of every young man in this country. It is a record that can fairly and truthfully and justly be held out to the youth of the land as an example of what may be made of the opportunities which our country affords, without help, without assistance, but simply by exerting those faculties which come to the average young man of the East, of the West, of the North, and of the South. When we stop to contemplate the fact that this man, obscure as he was, without being endowed with an unusual genius, was able to go on and up through the schools, through the college, through a technical school of education into an honorable profession and public station, and finally in middle life to walk into this Chamber—a Representative—with all that that appellation means—one of the congressional districts of one of the greatest States in this Union, to take his seat here and be returned again with the respect and veneration and commendation of the people—not only of his district but of his entire State, irrespective of party—it is an achievement to be proud of.

We may all esteem it a privilege and honor to come here today, not only to acknowledge his worth, his character, and his achievement, but lay a tribute of sorrow, to express regret, that we have been deprived of his presence, his companionship, his counsel, and of his aid. He did not belong to the same political party that I did, but that makes no difference. After he entered this door he became then a representative of the American people, not the champion of a party, and I believe, and I have foundation for my belief in the observation of the man, that no man ever came here who exhibited less of pernicious partisanship, who lived up more truly and fully in his everyday life with the membership of this House as a representative of the American people, than did IRVIN S. PEPPER.

Mr. Speaker, I deem it a privilege to say these broken sentences in memory of Mr. PEPPER, and I shall always treasure my short acquaintance with him, my friendly meetings with him and daily contact, as an advantage and a high privilege.

Mr. CULLOP. Mr. Speaker, IRVIN S. PEPPER was distinctly an American and furnished a striking illustration of what a man in this country can do for himself if he possesses the proper genius and stability of character.

In him were to be found the essential elements necessary to cope with the obstacles which often prevent young men with less courage and determination from accomplishing their ambitions, causing them to fall by the wayside and writing on the pages of human history the failure of a life which had promised much for the country and humanity. He fought his way from the humble and obscure surroundings of his birth and early youth to a position of great distinction and honorable usefulness, furnishing an example which will long live with the people of

his State as a character to which many will point with pride as an inspiration to young men and one worthy of imitation.

Doubtless many young men struggling to overcome adversity, almost ready to surrender the hopes of their ideals, relinquish the objects of their ambitions, will renew their courage and redouble their energies as they read and hear from others what this splendid young man accomplished in the short span of the life allotted to him and how his memory is sacredly cherished by those who knew him best and loved him most.

He possessed the essential elements calculated to endear him to all who knew him. Kind in manner, careful in conduct, ever thoughtful of the rights of others, considerate in speech and treatment, he won and retained the friendship and esteem of all who came in contact with him. Unyielding in his determination, firm in his purpose, reserved in deportment, he was able to win the objects he coveted and carry his purposes into successful execution.

His life was made up of successful efforts, because he knew no such thing as failure. Less than 40 years of age, he had earned the means to educate himself, had successfully taught school, held the office of school superintendent, had been a soldier in the Spanish-American War, county attorney, and twice elected to Congress, and at the time of his death was a formidable candidate for the United States Senate from the great State of Iowa.

In every position held by him he had filled the expectations of his warmest and most devoted friends and reflected credit upon the people who were so fortunate as to be his constituents. He earned and deserved the honors with which he was crowned and the gratitude and plaudits of the people he represented. The search of history will furnish but few men so young to have won so many honors all justly and deservedly earned.

He occupied a warm place in the hearts of the people of his State. They knew his worth. They respected his merits and intrusted him with their confidence. The love of honorable place in the public eye is a laudable ambition. It is worthy of the best efforts, the greatest sacrifice any man can make. It pledges good and faithful public service, careful and scrupulous conduct in office, and the honest administration of public duty. It is ever the promise, the hope, the security for duty well performed, and the progress of the Nation's ideals, the improvement of its civic affairs, for the betterment of the people who bear its burdens and share in its blessings.

Death claimed him as his star was in its ascendancy, rising to take its place in a greater constellation where opportunity would enable it to radiate farther and wider in the sphere of human usefulness and where he might accomplish more for the great advantage of the people whom he loved and who in return bestowed on him their unbounded confidence and crowned him with the greatest laurels at their disposal. Stricken down in the prime of his life, when opportunity was beckoning and bidding him to higher places of usefulness, to greater fields of human endeavor, he sleeps the long last sleep in the bosom of his beloved State, surrounded by the friends who supported and encouraged him in life, mourned him dead, and emulate his example while living as an inspiration to the young of that great State that it may stimulate them to greater activities, higher ideals, and nobler purposes in life as a striking example of what a young man, surrounded by adversity, may accomplish if he will try, and in trying be true to his purposes and faithful to all the responsibilities in him reposed. I shall never forget the many splendid encomiums paid him at his funeral and how people in all stations of life, irrespective of politics, stood at his bier viewing for the last time all that was mortal of the man who had been their friend and companion and who had won and retained their esteem and had never abused their confidence.

Sleeping the sleep that knows no waking, on the summit of a beautiful hill near by his father's home, overlooking the prosperous city of Ottumwa, nestled on the rich and rolling prairies of Iowa, teeming with the bounties of life, free from the surcease of the busy world, unmindful of the strifes agitating the people as they come and go, he awaits "the great Judgment Day" for the reward of a life well spent and a career of duty well done.

Mr. TOWNER. Mr. Speaker, it is a privilege for a Representative from Iowa to speak honoring the memory of one of her sons who so creditably and worthily served her on the floor of this House. IRVIN S. PEPPER was a native of Iowa, and his life work was inseparably associated with that Commonwealth. Out of her splendid citizenship he came, and in her service he died. He was proud of his birthright and citizenship, and glad that the opportunity came to him to serve the State he loved so well.

Farm boy, school-teacher, lawyer, Congressman, these are the steps that marked his progress. I remember his telling me how, when following the plow, he thought out a plan by which he could prepare himself to teach school and then study law and become a lawyer. This modest ambition was not satisfied until he was 29 years old. But he kept his purpose steadily in view, and finally succeeded. It was a long, hard road. In order to accomplish it he became the private secretary of Congressman Wade and came to Washington.

It was while here, working hard as secretary and carrying on his studies in the law school, that he began thinking that he might come to Congress.

He told me how the idea kept its place in his thoughts that perhaps matters might shape themselves to give him the chance. When he went back to Iowa to commence the practice of law he kept constantly in mind this ambition, and when the opportunity came he was ready to seize it. It was a hard fight, but he won.

The endeavor to rise above the general average, the effort to achieve distinction is one of the motive powers of civilization. Especially is it a characteristic of American youth. Here, where the doors of opportunity swing wide to merit and worth, here where nearly all the examples of success are those where striving against odds marks the pathway to distinction, there is constant incentive and almost certain attainment for honest endeavor.

In every country there is a certain average of capacity. Distinguished men, great men as they are called, leaders in every line of effort are those whose energy and capabilities rise above the general average. In France their bourgeoisie, in England their "middle class," and in the United States our "common people" constitute a somewhat undetermined but still definitely imagined general average. In America we say we have no classes. This is true if by that we mean a fixed and unchanging status. Yet the average American citizen is a concrete and palpable thing. When we speak of the common people in America we mean the general average, and because that general average is so superior to the general average of other lands, we rightly give it the tribute of our respect and consideration.

But whence comes distinction? Not from distinction. It is not from the homes of the great that great men come. It is from the homes of the humble. Distinction arises from the general average. High as that average is in America, it is not to attain it that the American youth strives. It is not to become the average politician that he studies political economy and history. It is not to become an average lawyer, or physician, or engineer that the student aspires. It is of distinction that he dreams. It is for distinction that he strives. His vision is not of the plains, but of the heights, sun-kissed and golden. The commencement orators promise that with effort all may be presidents or governors excites our ridicule. But, after all, this aspiration for the highest has a sound basis. It is the lure that shining through the open door of opportunity has led the American boy, poor and portionless, to distinction and honor; yes, even to immortality and undying fame.

We have taken a boy from a log hut and made him President. We have taken a hunted refugee from foreign oppression, made him a citizen, and placed him in the Senate Chamber, that from such supreme vantage ground he might so plead the cause of liberty that all in the world might hear. We have taken a pauper's child and made him a merchant prince, to show that freedom is the wisest postulate of economics.

Washington in his inaugural address declared that "the destiny of the republican model of government," was "justly considered as deeply and perhaps finally staked on the experiment entrusted to the hands of the American people." Now, we are thinking that these words were not merely the expression of a conjectured hope, but rather the pronouncement of an inspired and justified belief. For nowhere else in all the world, at no time in all the history of nations, has it been so easy to achieve distinction by effort and merit alone as in our own beloved land to-day.

This is shown by the career of IRVIN PEPPER and others like him. His life and success are at once an inspiration and a promise. Hopeful, indeed, would it appear to all those who, like him, are poor, but who aspire; hopeful for all those who can not expect the help of others, but who must depend on their own unaided efforts; hopeful for all those who have only industry, ambition, and honest purpose to speed them in the race of life.

I am glad to draw this other lesson from his life. No one thing so helps a career as much as striking integrity of character. The time when shining gifts without character could hold the confidence of men has gone by. Tinsel now will not suffice. Pure gold is demanded.

I know that with many this view is not accepted. To such the trickster still may win, the scheme still succeed, the demagogue and the corruptionist still have place and power. Exceptional cases and individual instances can be cited to prove their contention, but the rule is otherwise. The bosses have been largely dethroned, the corruptionists driven from public life—we have "turned the rascals out." The people have given unmistakable evidence of their moral soundness. A more sane and wholesome state of public opinion never was known before. The flood of indignation against the public and private wrongdoer has borne the people to a moral height seldom if ever before attained.

Never was there a time when the young man who wishes to strive unselfishly for the betterment of mankind could with more promise of success gird on his armor. Never could an ambitious youth who desires to dedicate his life to honor and truth be more certain to find a welcome for such service.

It is a great age in which we live. To the men and women of to-day, as gradually there comes to them a fuller realization of their obligations to their fellows, there is born a greater charity, a larger humanity. Selfish interests are not primary, and the individual finds his greatest happiness in serving and helping others. More and more the citizen gives up his private right, his individual gain for his fellows. More and more does society become a scheme of individual sacrifice for the common good. No government of to-day can be found which does not in some measure sacrifice individual interests for the common welfare. And yet, by so doing they do not enslave themselves, they only establish a larger liberty. It is not by isolation, but by association that men live the larger life. And so government, which is only a rule of association, gives while it takes away, frees while it restrains.

No laws can be effective for good that are not based on the conscience of the people and supported by their moral sanction. And no work for the public good can accomplish anything which does not ally itself with that public conscience and strive for the approval of that moral sanction.

There can be no government without men. No matter what its form, it will be a reflex of their character. John Stuart Mill said: "Political institutions are the work of men; owe their origin and existence to human will. Men do not wake on a summer morning and find them sprung up. Neither do they resemble trees, which when once planted are ever growing while men are sleeping. In every stage of their existence they are made what they are by human voluntary agency." We are apt to forget this in America. We have almost an adoration for form. We change constitutions to change conditions. We demand a law when we need a man. It is astonishing how many political ills could be cured by the simple expedient of electing good men to office.

God give us men—
Men whom the lust of office does not kill,
Men whom the spoils of office can not buy,
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men who have honor, men who will not lie.

Kipling put it still better when he described the man who could fully meet the demands of the hour:

With great things charged, he shall not hold
Aloof till great occasions rise,
But serve, full harnessed, as of old,
The days that are the destinies.

He shall forswear and put away
The idols of his sheltered house;
And to necessity shall pay
Unflinching tribute of his vows.

He shall not plead another's act,
Nor bind him in another's oath,
To weigh the word above the face,
Or make or take excuse for sloth.

The yoke he bore shall press him still,
And long ingrained effort goad
To find, to fashion, and fulfill
The cleaner life, the better code.

Gladstone, in one of his great papers, after enumerating the material achievements of England and America, said:

But all these pompous details of material triumph is worse than idle, unless the men of the two countries shall remain or shall become greater than the mere things that they produce, and shall know how to regard those things simply as tools and materials for the attainment of the highest purposes of their being.

And so it is that we read our surest promise of perpetuity as a nation in the character of our citizenship. We see the guaranty of a cleaner political life and a better national code in the prevailing cleanliness of our public men, in the higher ideals of our national life.

In large measure he whose memory we honor this day possessed those elements of sterling manhood and integrity of character that make the standard of which I speak. It was

to them he was indebted for his success. It should be a source of satisfaction to those who love him, that in memory he will ever be recalled for those traits and characteristics which merit unreserved approval. It should be an encouragement to the student and observer of our times that so strongly is the love of justice, the appreciation of righteousness in public service, the admiration for sterling worth ingrained in the consciousness of the people, that one who bases his appeal on these meets with instant approval and steady support.

Mr. RUSSELL. Mr. Speaker, to me it is always a sad occasion when this House meets to consider a resolution like this, when the friends of a former colleague meet in this Chamber to honor the memory of one who has passed away, but my feelings of sadness are intensified when we meet as we do to-day to honor the name and the memory of one who was to me in life such a sincere and such a devoted friend.

I was appointed by the Speaker of this House, who knew that Mr. PEPPER and I were warm friends, to attend his funeral, and I was requested by his friends to deliver a eulogy upon his life and character at the funeral services in his home State. Speaking as I did then in his presence, as he slept in death with my heart filled with grief and emotion, I perhaps better expressed my love and friendship for him, than I could do to-day, and may be pardoned if I repeat in substance some of the sentiments uttered on that occasion.

I met Mr. PEPPER soon after his election to Congress and before he had taken his seat. I was at once attracted to him by his splendid open countenance, his natural frankness, and his generous, manly spirit. We soon became warm personal friends, and as our acquaintance became more intimate the ties of friendship that bound us together became stronger and stronger.

During his service in this House I met him almost daily, both officially and socially. I knew his ambitions and he knew mine. Our mutual confidences and mutual sympathies, it seemed to me, gave vitality to our ambitions and strength to the hope of the future success of us both.

The last day he spent in Washington we took dinner together, and he advised me at the time of his contemplated trip to his home State that he loved so much, and of the purposes of his mission.

Soon afterwards I learned that he was seriously sick and I frequently inquired of his condition. On Friday before his death I was informed that he was out of danger, and went at once to my office and wrote him a brief letter congratulating him upon the information that I had received. That letter, I am now informed by his sister, she read to him on the last day of his life, and but a few hours before his death. In my letter at that time I addressed him as "My dear Pep," a term which to-day might seem disrespectful, but it was not so then; it was to his associates in Washington a term of endearment and one that was inspired by the warmest personal friendship.

On Saturday, the following morning, his secretary showed me a telegram stating that our friend had suffered a relapse and was much worse. I at once felt that all hope of his recovery was gone, knowing as I did of his long and serious sickness and of his necessarily weakened physical condition. On the following Monday morning, when the message came announcing his death, and when the official flag was hung at half-mast, it seemed to me that a cloud of gloom at once covered this capital city, and I know that a feeling of sadness filled the hearts of all who knew him.

About two weeks before his death a bill was under consideration in the House which carried an item for a pension for the deserving widow of an old Union soldier in Mr. PEPPER's district. An amendment was offered, and an effort made to strike that item from the bill. I at once arose in my place to resist the amendment, stating to the House that this item in the bill was introduced by Mr. PEPPER, who was at that time in his home State seriously sick, and as he was not able to speak for himself I desired to speak for him. I defended the item, the amendment was defeated, and the item remained in the bill and was approved and passed by the House. It will be a great satisfaction to me till the day of my death to remember that I seized this opportunity, the last one that I could ever have during his life, to do him a personal favor. Knowing him and his loyal friendship as I did, I am perfectly conscious of the fact, that if the circumstances had been reversed he would have done as much for me.

Mr. PEPPER had the confidence not only of his constituents in his own district, but was highly esteemed by all of the people of his State, and if he had lived there is but little doubt that he would have been elected to places of higher political distinction. He was a man of great industry and with a remarkable capacity for work. The political party to which he belonged

recognizing these qualities had selected him as the secretary of the Democratic congressional committee. As a member of that committee I, at his request, had the pleasure of placing him in nomination at the time of his election.

In the cemetery at Columbia, Mo., where the university of that State is located, the monument at the grave of Dr. Read, an ex-president of the university, bears this inscription: "I tried to do my duty." These were the last words spoken by him. I think that I might with propriety appropriate these words to-day expressive of the life and efforts of our departed friend in whose memory we have met to-day. I know, and every Member of this House knows, that he tried to do his duty and succeeded well.

The confidence, the friendship, and the esteem of the people of Iowa were plainly shown by the large number of distinguished citizens from all parts of the State who attended his funeral. I have never seen a more positive demonstration of universal grief, nor a more genuine expression of profound respect for the dead, than I witnessed on that occasion. There were probably a thousand present in the church, with many more outside who were unable to gain admission. The tears of hundreds of strong men and women gave unmistakable testimony of their love for him in life and for their grief at his bier.

Mr. PEPPER had been an active member of the State militia, and the members of that organization, and all others who ever knew him as he was, were devoted to him as a comrade and a friend, and gave to him a military burial.

The newly made grave was at the brow of the hill overlooking the beautiful little city, and surrounding country, the scenes of his childhood and youth. When his body was slowly lowered into his grave the last volley of his former military comrades was fired over his remains, and as the echo of their solemn notes died away in the distant hills we saw the body of our friend laid to rest.

It was a sad but an impressive scene, and if he could have spoken and prepared the ceremonies and surroundings in every detail, it would not have been changed. In obedience to his last request he was buried by the side of his angelic mother. The ceremonies were plain and simple, in harmony with the life he had lived. The snow-covered landscape was emblematic of his pure life and spotless character. The many floral offerings from former friends and associates were indicative of their love and sorrow. His grief-stricken father and other living kindred stood at the foot of the open grave surrounded by many of the most intimate friends of his professional and official career. Every face, every flower, and every tear seemed to breathe in respectful silence the universal grief, and a loving farewell to our friend, until we shall meet and greet him in a better and a brighter world in that spirit land beyond the grave.

Mr. MOORE. Mr. Speaker, it is something of a coincidence that my bundle of mail this morning should contain a letter from the widow of a soldier saying she had recently written to Mr. PEPPER in support of a bill to correct her husband's military record and that she had not received an answer. She did not know that the service our lamented colleague had undertaken to perform as the chairman of a subcommittee of the Committee on Military Affairs had suddenly ended and that he had responded to a higher call. But her letter, written in the stress of her anxiety, reminded me of the very great devotion to the detailed work of the House which characterized our departed friend from Iowa. As a member of the Committee on Military Affairs he was painstaking and assiduous. To members who had business with that committee he endeared himself by his courtesy and the personal attention given to their claims. It was a pleasure to present a case to Mr. PEPPER, and whether he found himself in favor of or against a bill, his decision left no sting.

And now that we are come to extol his memory, particularly those of us who saw him enter this House, the wonder is that in so great an assemblage of men chosen from the body of the people because of their experience and public service, he should have made so marked a progress in so brief a period. Mr. PEPPER was only 35 years old when he came into this body. He served throughout the Sixty-second Congress only. In that two years he took an advanced position in committee and on the floor. He was modest, but he was forceful. He did not obtrude himself into the proceedings at any time, but when he felt called upon to speak he did so unhesitatingly and with emphasis and decision. Indeed, it was early evident that Mr. PEPPER possessed the elements of statesmanship and that in due course his influence would be strongly felt in Congress.

It is not my purpose to speak at greater length, Mr. Speaker. In God's own time and in His own good way he has called our colleague from the scene of his earthly activities. We wonder that one so young, so well equipped for service to his

fellow men, should thus be taken, but it is not for use to murder or complain. We know the caliber of man he was; we know the excellence of his heart and mind; we know had he lived that laurels would have clustered thick upon his brow. All this we know and treasure in our memories. 'Tis the best that we can do.

Mr. GOULDEN. Mr. Speaker, we have met to-day to do honor to the memory of a former colleague. IRVIN S. PEPPER, late a Representative from Iowa, served his district, his State, and the Nation well in the Sixty-second and a part of the Sixty-third Congress. He was known as a patient, hard-working Member, ever faithful to the call of duty. Nothing was too small or trivial when he took it up, giving the best that was in him. He was always kind and courteous, ever ready to help those that needed it.

He came from a sturdy stock of farmers from that splendid State that has produced so many patriots, soldiers, and statesmen. Like many sons of the farm he taught school, and in many respects was a self-educated man, of which our favored land has produced so many eminent successful men in all walks of life.

These sturdy Americans that have so materially aided in the development of the country acquired their strength, their clean minds and hearts by contact with nature and nature's God by working on the soil, man's best and truest occupation.

IRVIN S. PEPPER was a splendid illustration of this truth. Actuated always by the principles of right living, honest purposes, and an unflinching loyalty to his country, his loss is seriously felt.

Of him it may well be said what the angel spoke to the wise man of the Far East—

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great awakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

It is a privilege to lay this brief tribute to the memory of a good man and a true patriot, IRVIN S. PEPPER, late of Iowa.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. TOWNER). The Chair will now recognize the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. TAVENNER].

Mr. TAVENNER. Mr. Speaker, if a stranger had been in the city of Muscatine, Iowa, on the morning of Sunday, December 28, he would have observed that something out of the ordinary was taking place.

He would have noticed groups of men standing about the streets conversing in low tones, and that in every face there was an expression of sadness. As the day advanced, more and more people appeared. By 1 o'clock hundreds had gathered, and then they moved silently toward one of the large churches and went inside, and the down-town streets became deserted.

Muscatine on that day was a grief-stricken city. Muscatine had sent IRVIN S. PEPPER to the Halls of Congress because it had believed in him, and after arriving in Washington he had proven true to the trust that had been reposed in him. He had now been taken by death, and no one in Muscatine on this day could have failed to notice that the hearts of the people had been touched.

Funeral services for Mr. PEPPER had been held in Ottumwa on Friday, following which was planned a special tribute in the form of this great memorial meeting held in Muscatine two days later.

When I saw the doors of the Muscatine church thrown open, and the people pour into and quickly fill the building, the thought occurred to me that it would be a great mistake to assume that this great audience of people had gathered to pay tribute to IRVIN S. PEPPER simply because he had been an able Member of Congress. The mere fact that a man was a Member of Congress would never of itself alone have touched the hearts of the people of this community as the death of IRVIN S. PEPPER touched them.

There was something deeper than his official position, and more important, which explained the presence of so large a throng, and that something was the fact that his life outside

Congress, and his acts in Congress, proved that his heart beat in sympathy with the plain people of this land.

Simply because a man is elected to Congress is no indication of greatness; a Member of Congress is worth while only when he takes advantage of his presence here to do something for the masses of the people.

Some men come to the halls of Congress from humble surroundings, as did Mr. PEPPER, only to acquire new and aristocratic ideas and sympathies, and to gradually and unconsciously permit to steal over them a feeling of shame, indeed, if not of contempt, for the old-fashioned plain people at home who, believing their protestations of sympathy, were the very ones who had elevated them to their high positions of trust and honor.

IRVIN S. PEPPER was not one of these. To him it always remained a pleasure to stand by and espouse the cause of that vast majority that Mr. Lincoln referred to as the plain people.

It was IRVIN S. PEPPER who, on the floor of this House and before the committees of the House, fought the introduction of the inhuman Taylor system of scientific shop management, a cruel process of scientifically grinding down the spirit, the hopes, and the ambitions, as well as the physical bodies of those who toll. Of course, strong pressure was brought on Mr. PEPPER to abandon that fight, but he never wavered, and there is pending before one of the committees of the House now, ready to be reported, a bill bearing his name which will prohibit the introduction of the nerve-wrecking Taylor system in the Government arsenals.

Representing adjoining districts, Mr. PEPPER and I were thrown into contact almost daily, and it was our habit to confer on nearly everything. Next to the distinguished Speaker of the House, the Hon. CHAMP CLARK, who was one of the first to help me when I was at the bottom of the ladder struggling to get along, IRVIN S. PEPPER probably did more toward bringing about my election to Congress than any other one man. Mr. PEPPER had no opposition in the last campaign, and took it upon himself to make my fight for a seat in this body his fight, and it seemed to me there was absolutely nothing within his power that was too much for him to do for me.

I mourn for IRVIN S. PEPPER, not only because he was one of my best friends and benefactors, nor merely because he was a Member of Congress, but because I saw him on the firing line in this House, and I saw that he was not ashamed of the cause of the common men and women from whose ranks he sprang; and I observed, too, that whenever the line was drawn as between the forces of special privilege on the one hand and the welfare of all the people on the other, without hesitation and without apology IRVIN S. PEPPER quietly took his place on the side of the plain but godly people who gave him birth.

When IRVIN S. PEPPER passed to the world beyond the people realized they had lost a friend—they were sad.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair will recognize the gentleman from Iowa [Mr. KIRKPATRICK].

Mr. KIRKPATRICK. Mr. Speaker, I am here to-day to assist in paying tribute in these last sad rites of a departed Member of this House, and I now come to place, as it were, a flower of love and reverence on the newly made grave of IRVIN S. PEPPER.

Notwithstanding the seriousness of the occasion, I am happy in the thought that I have known the Pepper family for many years. The father of the deceased is now bending with age; still he is one of God's noblemen. I have known the deceased from childhood. He was an exemplary boy, always standing for the right and high ideals. Young PEPPER came from a sturdy stock, as evidenced by those who survive him. Not long before his death he was telling me of his departed mother, and, among other things, said:

If I am permitted to enter the "gates ajar" and do not find mother there, I do not feel that such a condition will be heaven to me.

By reason of his parents having been pioneers in the settlement of the great West he was frequently obliged to face the storms of adversity. In life he was my friend, my neighbor, and my colleague in this the Sixty-third Congress.

In the triumph of his early ambitions the summons came, and he was called beyond the veil which separates all earthly vision from the paradise of God.

Sure when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With outstretched arms God's angels said,
"Welcome to heaven's home, sweet home."

[Mr. LOBECK addressed the House. See Appendix.]

Mr. GREEN of Iowa. Mr. Speaker, I first met Mr. PEPPER when I came into this House as the result of a special election some three years ago. It was easy to become acquainted with

him and our relations were always most cordial. He was the youngest of our delegation, and if I had given a thought to the subject I would have considered that he was likely to be the last to pass away. If he suffered from illness, it was known only to his intimate friends. To me he seemed to be endowed with unusual vigor and strength, and especially fitted to endure the stress of campaigns and the strain incident to service in this House, to which so many succumb, and which since my membership has laid such a heavy toll upon us. His untimely demise admonishes us of the slender hold which we have upon life, and the uncertain tenure of our existence.

There are some who as they draw near the sunset of life are able to look back upon a long career of activity and feel that they are ready to lay down life's cares and burdens. To those who are wearied and discouraged death often seems a happy relief, and those whose efforts have been crowned with success can feel that their work is finished and their race is run. But to the young man who finds in each day a new inspiration, and cherishes the belief that as the years go by he will find new opportunities for rising higher and higher the future is radiant with hope and full of promise. Yet the inexorable messenger of fate spares none, and beckons too oft to those for whom the panorama of life is just beginning to unfold. So it was with our departed friend. Success came to him early. Young as he was he had the promise of a notable career. He had made for himself a position. He had friends in high places, and an admiring and faithful constituency. He could look forward through the vista of years, and see no obstacle that he could not overcome. But just when hope was most high, when the future was most promising, the grim angel of death crossed his path and he heard the call which the strongest can not resist. The promise of the morning faded into the blackness of night. Life's dreams and actualities alike were no more.

Mr. Speaker, such incidents are inexpressibly sad. In our weakness we can not comprehend why such strokes should fall. It is a part of the riddle of the universe that we can never solve. We can only bow our heads in submission to the Ruler of all knowing that a higher wisdom than ours shapes the course of men and nations, and that not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice.

Another has come to the place of our departed colleague. Able hands will take up his work. Congress does not pause in its duties upon the death of one of its Members no matter how great or influential, but it is well that no public matters, however important, should prevent our rendering a tribute to the memory of the departed.

Mr. PEPPER's kindly and genial manners attracted to him a host of friends. There was no malice in his disposition nor evil intent. I never heard him speak ill of another, or knew him to injure anyone. The same qualities that made him so attractive in private life contributed to his success in the political arena. He had a strong following in his own district and no one here could refuse him a favor. To meet him was to like him, and he was as good a companion as a friend. It is not alone in public life that his loss will be felt. We shall miss him in that social intercourse which goes far to brighten our lives and ease our tasks. Never again shall we hear his cordial greeting or see his pleasant smile. Let us trust that in another world he may find that sunshine and hope which he so freely imparted when with us.

Mr. CONNOLLY of Iowa. Mr. Speaker, farmer boy, school teacher, county superintendent of schools of Muscatine County, private secretary to Congressman Wade, county attorney of Muscatine County, twice elected by the people of the second Iowa district as their Representative in Congress, and at the time of his death the probable nominee of his party for the office of United States Senator from Iowa, this, in brief, was the ladder of achievement scaled by IRVIN S. PEPPER during a life prematurely and unexpectedly terminated, and with his passing went one of the most promising, one of the noblest, one of the kindest figures in the public life of Iowa.

There are Members of this House who knew him longer, but I question if any knew him as intimately as I did. In the December following the election of 1912 I made a journey to Panama in his company. We shared the same stateroom, and on this delightful trip was born a friendship that grew apace and bound us together by bonds "though light as air were strong as bonds of iron." The frankness of his character, the cheeriness of his disposition, the liberality and unselfishness of his spirit, the quality of his heart and mind, at once drew me to him.

In the balmy breezes of the Caribbean we cemented our comradeship, underneath the southern cross we exchanged our confidences, and the sheen of the moon upon the waters seemed to

mark the clear, straight path of a brotherhood that never wavered.

Outside of the love of womankind there is no sweeter, nobler sentiment than the love of a man. The pure, unselfish, loyal love of a kindly man for his fellowman.

Although somewhat my senior we were near of an age and being bachelors we had not known the love of those dear helpmates of life that make the home the shrine of perfect domestic happiness, but we had both been trained in the old-fashioned school of family affection and had responded to the love of a splendid motherhood and fatherhood. We had known the love of women who had watched us from the cradle. We had seen the lovelight in their eyes, that light that never fails, that shineth in the darkness, that beacon that led us in the blackness of worldly tempests to the harbor of peace and righteousness. And in one of our fraternal conferences he had told me that it was the mother who had determined him to run for Congress. When urged to make the race his inclination was to decline, and as he expressed this view to the family gathered around he saw the light of disappointment in the mother's eyes. He read in them the aspirations and ambitions of his dearest friend, so he turned about and addressed himself to the earnest work of the campaign. Her love and cheer were his inspiration, her hopes and pride sustained him, but the pathos of it all came when she was called away by the Great Elector of the Universe just upon the eve of the son's election. As he recalled that incident so epochal in his career there was moisture in his eyes and we gazed silently out upon the waters under the spell and thrall of homely sentiments, the memory turned willingly back to the thoughts of home, and we heard again the songs of childhood. Yea, at that moment there arose above the strains of splendid orchestras, more appealing than the chants of practiced choirs or the tonal peal of a great organ in some grand cathedral, a voice stealing through our sympathetic ears and swaying the tendrils of our hearts—the homely croon and mellow lullaby of those silver-haired guardians of our birth and being.

In the passing of IRVIN PEPPER this House has lost one of its most efficient and capable Members. We all miss his smile and friendly greeting. I feel a peculiar personal loss, as our daily associations were most intimate and agreeable. He was my good friend, my intimate associate, my chum. It is hard to realize that he has gone for good. In the Office Building I turn unconsciously toward his door as if to meet him. In the cloak-room and on the floor I look in vain for his suggestions and counsel. In the evening, after the day's work, I await his call for the customary walk up the Avenue. At every turn and in each hour I yearn for the "touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still."

In the last flickering moments at the hospital, with the eyes growing dim and the heartbeats waning, the spirit halting within the vestibule of eternity—he asked his brother about his chances, and the answer was, "You are going to your final sleep," and then his old philosophy in life expressed itself in his familiar phrase, "Well, whatever is, is," and with a smile of fortitude upon his kindly face he went—

Not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach the grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch 'bout him
And lies down to pleasant dreams.

And in the quiet of that night I voiced our common sentiment with the old lines—

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
I know whose feet would follow me still.
Mother o' mine, mother o' mine.
If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
I know whose tears would come down to me.
Mother o' mine, mother o' mine.
If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole.
Mother o' mine, mother o' mine.

Others can relate his triumphs, other tongues tell of his honors, of his legion of friends, of his numerous activities.

He stood high in the Masonic and other fraternal lodges that had recognized his sterling manhood, but it was the lodge and shrine of that pioneer, old-fashioned parental home that impressed upon him the hall-mark of character and sentiment and that had influenced the course of his honorable career. And now that course is run. The mother had gone before to prepare for his coming. At the grave I saw the aged father, bowed with grief, as the youngest of the flock slipped quietly into his couch upon the snow-clad hill. The brothers and sisters gathered around with heavy hearts, and I could see in the eyes of each the undisguised and unreserved sentiment of the old-fashioned family love for the brother and the son. In such homes and

through such genuine attachments are the finer, higher, nobler instincts reared.

Mr. McKELLAR. Mr. Speaker, upon coming into the House in December, 1911, one of the first Members that I came to know well was IRVIN S. PEPPER. Only a short time after the beginning of the session he and I both were appointed on a committee to witness the opening of the Oversea Railway to Key West, Fla. On that trip we became warm and true friends—a friendship that was one of the most delightful of the many I have made here.

In politics we had the same views, the same ambitions and aspirations. In social life we had largely the same friends. We served for a long time on the same committee in the House. Rarely a day passed that we were not together. Both being bachelors and about the same age, the friendship that grew up between us was close and intimate and will never be forgotten by me.

IRVIN PEPPER was absolutely straight, clear-headed, vigorous-minded, strong in his views, temperate in his speech, kindly, yet determined, in all his dealings with men, and was, as I esteemed him, one of the highest types of the American citizen.

No Member was more generally or more sincerely loved by all who came within the sphere of his association. No Member deserved more the great popularity that was his.

His ambition was to come to the Senate from his beloved State, and he was to be a candidate at the approaching election, and with great prospects of success. His death was a great loss to his State and to the Nation, but a far greater loss to his loved ones, both relatives and friends. He was cut off in the very flower of a splendid young manhood, and while our hearts are sad that he was taken away, we, who were his friends, will ever cherish his memory and feel grateful that we were privileged to have known him.

Mr. BALTZ. Mr. Chairman, we withdraw for a short time from the scenes of political strife to pay the last sad rites to a departed brother.

His death in the very prime of an active and useful career suggests again the words of Burke on a similar occasion, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"

While my acquaintance with Mr. PEPPER was not of long duration, I knew him long enough to be impressed with his sincere and manly stand on all public issues and to be charmed by his courtesy and geniality.

One trait of Mr. PEPPER's character was his tireless devotion to his public duties. Few Members of Congress displayed greater zeal and industry in their public career.

The people who are the fountain of power in this country are quick of discernment. This is strongly illustrated in the career of Mr. PEPPER. He justified in the fullest measure the confidence reposed in him by his constituents. As a Member of the House and as chairman of a committee he gave his time and talent unstintingly to the service of his district, his State, and his Nation. In such a life there is inspiration and encouragement. The memory of his faithfulness may well nerve us to greater faithfulness in our own efforts.

In the presence of death it is hard to sing a song triumphant o'er our tears and our fears; hard, indeed, is it for the bereaved when their dearest is taken from them. But in this terrible test of our faith we have some inspiring examples in the saintly ones who have suffered before us. When Prof. Andrews Norton, of Harvard, was called upon to mourn the loss of his only daughter, dead at womanhood's door, with unshattered trust in God he sat in his study while his beloved child slept the eternal sleep in an adjoining room, and there and then that godly man wrote those brave and courageous words, and with all humility may I commend them to those who as relatives or friends mourn the loss of our departed comrade:

My God, I thank Thee, may no thought
Ere deep Thy chastisements severe;
But may each heart by sorrow taught
Calm each wild wish, each anxious fear.
Thy mercy bids all nature bloom,
The sun shines bright and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy sheds the gloom,
That darkness round his little day.
Full many a throb of grief and pain,
Thy frail and erring child must know,
But not one sigh is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
Thy various messengers employ,
Thy purposes of love fulfill;
And mid the wreck of human joy
Let kneeling faith adore Thy will.

ADJOURNMENT.

Then, in accordance with the resolution previously adopted (at 1 o'clock and 55 minutes p. m.), the House adjourned until to-morrow, Monday, May 4, 1914, at 12 o'clock noon.

SENATE.

MONDAY, May 4, 1914.

The Chaplain, Rev. Forrest J. Prettyman, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, we thank Thee for every hard task of life, for all our conscious sense of incompleteness, for all hunger of heart or body, for we believe that every limitation and all that narrows and restrains is but a prophecy of the larger life that Thou hast for us. We pray Thee to save us from the path of least resistance. Stir us up to be heroes in the great strife of life. Give to us the spiritual equipment for the highest service among men. Lead Thou us on; in every path do Thou direct our steps. May our lives be God-centered; and in the day that shall dawn upon us in the world that knows no limit, no setting sun, may our life be adjusted and attuned to the infinite. For Christ's sake. Amen.

The Journal of the proceedings of Saturday last was read and approved.

SETTLERS ON SNOQUALMIE FOREST RESERVE LANDS, WASHINGTON.

Mr. THOMAS. Mr. President, throughout the East there is considerable adverse criticism of the sentiment of the western people, without reference to party division, concerning some features of what is popularly known as conservation. I want to read into the Record an extract from the World of yesterday, which sets forth in graphic terms an individual instance of hardship and injustice suffered under the administration of the land laws, which is one of a great many of similar character, although differing, perhaps, as to some of the facts. I simply wish to read it into the Record without further comment, in order that the country may perceive why this feeling is so profound in the West and how well it is justified. This article is entitled "Nation seizes home fought for for 12 years—Homesteader ousted after suffering hardships in wilderness and spending \$1,800." It is dated Everett, State of Washington, May 2.

[From the World, Sunday, May 3, 1914.]

"I have spent the best years of my life trying to build up a home for my family, only to be informed at this time by the United States Government that my claim of 160 acres near Galena is void by reason that the land has been thrown into the forest reserve."

W. E. Dermott, now of this city, thus summarizes the disastrous outcome of 12 years' struggle against the wilderness and its privations 6 miles from Galena, in the Cascade Mountains.

"Twelve years ago last January I took up my homestead 6 miles the other side of Galena," continued the contractor and builder, whose hair has turned gray while he and his family strove against heavy odds to wrest a livelihood from the fertile bottom lands along the south fork of the Skykomish River.

"Two years after we settled on the fine agricultural land the Interior Department, acting on a recommendation from the Forestry Department, included our acreage in the Snoqualmie Forest Reserve. B. C. Hopkins, of Everett, and L. Servis and P. E. Marks, of Snohomish, also had homesteads, but were some time ago frightened away by the Government; but I have expended \$1,800 in erecting a one-and-a-half-story house and several other buildings, in planting 1,500 strawberry vines, in clearing 3 acres of land for garden purposes, where we can raise everything in fruit and vegetables we need and more, too; so you see it was harder for us to give up to the mighty Government."

Six or eight months each year the Dermott family lived on the 160 acres high in the mountains, bending every effort to make a comfortable home and investing in improvements every dollar they could earn during the few months of the year when Dermott followed his trade in Everett.

"After all we have accomplished up there," said Dermott, "the Government has informed me that we did not live long enough each year on the homestead and the department also found fault with the nature of our improvements. I have taken up the question of my rights with our Senators and Representatives."

"There were plenty of hardships during most of the 12 years we lived in the mountains so far from civilization. There were no trails, no schools, no doctors, and few neighbors; we were in the wilderness, but happy and fairly well contented in the belief that some day we would have a comfortable home."

Representative J. A. FALCONER has introduced a bill in the House of Representatives authorizing the issuance of patents to Dermott and some of his neighbors for lands they have entered, all in the vicinity of Galena, upon proof being submitted showing compliance with the homestead laws of the United States, notwithstanding the inclusion of the lands in the Snoqualmie National Forest.

Mr. President, I know nothing about the facts in this case beyond what is contained in this extract, but their relation is so familiar and so similar to other instances that have come under my personal observation that I am inclined to believe they are true. I hope the time will come before long when the objection which we justly make to methods of conservation enforcement will appeal to the judgment and conscience of men throughout all the people of the United States, to the end that they may realize that one such family as that of Mr. Dermott anchored upon the soil of the country is a benefit and value to a State as a unit of the vast number which might so settle that it is almost incalculable.

Mr. BORAH. I desire to know from what paper that extract was taken.

Mr. THOMAS. From the New York World of yesterday.